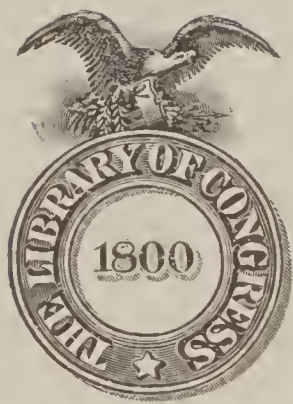


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Obsequies in honor of
Andrew Jackson.
Eulogium by George M.
Dallas.
Philadelphia, 1845.





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OBSEQUIES

IN HONOR OF

ANDREW JACKSON.

EULOGIUM

BY

GEORGE M. DALLAS,
VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

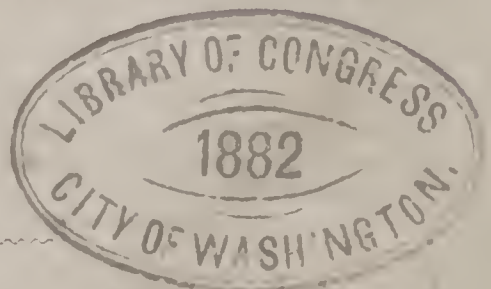
ON THE OCCASION OF THE

**Jackson Obsequies at Washington Square, in the City
of Philadelphia, 26th June, 1845 :**

WITH A NOTICE OF THE

Civic and Military Procession

ON THAT DAY.



PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENT.

Philadelphia :
MIFFLIN & PARRY, PRINTERS,
No. 99 S. Second Street.
1845.

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At a meeting of the Committee of Arrangement for the Jackson Obsequies, held at the County Court House on the 27th June, 1845, JOHN F. BELSTERLING in the Chair, and William E. Lehman, Secretary, it was unanimously

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to request from the Hon. George M. Dallas a copy for publication of his patriotic and eloquent Eulogium on the death of General Andrew Jackson.

The Chairman appointed the following persons a Committee in pursuance of the above resolution, viz:—Col. Samuel J. Henderson, Col. William J. Leiper, and Benjamin Mifflin.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 27, 1845.

DEAR SIR:—The undersigned on behalf of the Committee of Arrangement, appointed to adopt suitable measures for demonstrating the respect of the citizens of the City and County of Philadelphia, without distinction of party, for the memory of Andrew Jackson, have been directed to request for publication, the favor of a copy of the eloquent Eulogium delivered by you on the 26th instant.

While we feel particular gratification in discharging the duty assigned us, we avail ourselves of the occasion to assure you of the sincere pleasure it will afford us individually, in being permitted to communicate to the Committee that you accede to their wishes.

With sentiments of regard and respect, we are your obedient servants,

SAMUEL J. HENDERSON, }
WM. J. LEIPER, } Committee.
BENJ. MIFFLIN, }

To the Hon. GEORGE M. DALLAS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 30, 1845.

GENTLEMEN:—The Eulogium on the deceased Patriot, pronounced at your request, was too hastily prepared, under peculiar circumstances, to merit the language your partiality applies to it. Nevertheless, I send you the copy you desire, and thank you cordially for your sentiments of kindness.

Truly and respectfully, your friend and obedient servant,

GEORGE M. DALLAS.

To Samuel J. Henderson, Wm. J. Leiper, and Benj. Mifflin, Committee.

Jackson Obsequies.

At a few minutes before three o'clock, the procession having entered the Washington Square, the Chief Marshal, SAMUEL J. HENDERSON, Esq., called the assemblage to order, when the Rev. Dr. BETHUNE rose and addressed to the 'Throne of Grace, the following appropriate

PRAYER.

Almighty and ever-living God, we bow ourselves in thy holy presence, and adore thee our Creator, our Sovereign, our Judge. Blessed be the name of thine only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, that we may invoke thee as our Saviour, Sanctifier, and most merciful Father. Hear our prayer for his sake, and let thy Holy Spirit rest upon every heart in this assembly. Thou art the King, eternal, immortal and invisible, the only wise God. We, thy sinful creatures, are but dust before thee. With thee, one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Behold, our days are as an handbreadth, and our age is as nothing; the fashion of this world passeth away; yea, man at his best estate is altogether vanity. Death hath entered into the world by sin, and death hath passed upon all men, because that all have sinned. In the morning we are like grass which groweth up; in the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. For all our doings are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? Even according to thy fear so is thy wrath. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

We thank thee for the gift of thy well beloved Son, who hath brought life and immortality to light. We thank thee for his righteous life, his atoning death, and his glorious resurrection. Grant us, we beseech thee, true faith in him, and a hearty repentance; that we being

washed in his blood, and accepted through his intercession, may follow in his steps, joyfully bearing his cross; and when we leave this life, which is but a continual death, may appear without terror, before the judgment seat, and enter into life everlasting.

It hath pleased thee, in thy righteous providence, to take from this world, and, as we trust, unto thyself, the soul of thy servant, in solemn mourning for whom we have this day gathered ourselves together. His earthly work is done; his body rests in the grave until that day when the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and this mortal shall put on immortality. We thank thee, O God! for whatever good thou hast wrought for this land, by his patriotic valor, wisdom and zeal. We thank thee for the victories thou didst grant our armies under his command, over invading foes. We thank thee for all wherein thou didst guide his heart and hands, when President of these United States. We thank thee for the assured faith with which thou didst comfort his declining years, that thou hast through thy Son Jesus Christ most graciously forgiven all his sins, errors and infirmities.

Now, Lord, we beseech thee to grant us, and all the people of this land, a saving knowledge of thyself, that we, being built upon thy truth, may preserve inviolate that inheritance of freedom which we have received from our fathers. May this nation be ever faithful to thee, obedient to their laws, loyal to their government, and just unto all men. Remove from us every vestige of oppression, and every stain of dishonour. Assuage the violence of party rancour. Succeed by thy divine favour our industry, our enterprise, and our inquiries after truth. Bless abundantly with all grace and counsel, thy servants, the President, and Vice President, of our confederacy; our National Congress, and Judiciary, whenever assembled, to make or administer laws; the Governor, Legislature and Judiciary of this Commonwealth, and those of every State in the Union; the Army, and the Navy, with all who are called to serve the interests of this land; and especially, bless thou the People, under thee our true and rightful sovereign, that so our country may enjoy peace and prosperity, and thy name have continual praise. All this we ask, Almighty God, and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, not for our sakes who are most unworthy, but in the name of Him whom thou hearest alway, and who hast taught us to pray, Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen!

The Hon. GEORGE M. DALLAS then advanced, and in an impressive manner, and with a voice whose clear tones could be heard at the farthest verge of the vast multitude, delivered the following

Eulogium.

FELLOW CITIZENS AND FRIENDS :

The sorrows of a nation, on the loss of a great and good man, are alike confirmed and assuaged by recurring to the virtues and services which endeared him. While funeral solemnities, such as are now in progress, attest the pervading regrets of communities, and swelling tears betray the anguish of individual friendship ; while the muffled drum, the shrouded ensign, and the silent march of mingled processions of citizens and soldiery address their impressive force to the hearts of all, it is well to seek solace in remembrances which must brighten for ever the annals of our country, and which add one more to the list of names whose mere utterance exalts the pride, and strengthens the foundations of patriotism.

At the epoch when, in September, 1774, the delegates of eleven colonies assembled at our Carpenters' Hall, before the first gun was fired at Lexington in the cause of Western Liberty, or Washington was yet hailed as "General and Commander in Chief," there could be seen in the wilds of the Waxhaw settlement in South Carolina, on a farm in dangerous proximity to Indian tribes, and clustering with two elder brothers around a widowed mother, a boy about eight years of age, in whose veins coursed the same gallant blood that shortly after gushed from the wounds of Montgomery into the trenches of Quebec : that boy—moulded in the spirit of those stern times, clinging with his whole soul to the American people, ripened into athletic manhood, enfeebled by toil, by disease, and by age—*is just now dead* ; and you have invited me to pronounce over his yet loose grave the tribute of your affectionate gratitude and veneration : to soothe you by reminding you of the attributes and exploits of one who lived through all your heroic history, and was himself an inseparable part of it—who was born on your soil when, in fact, it was a mere margin of Eastern coast, and has sunk into it when a continent—who knew you when but two millions of scattered, weak, dependent and disquieted provincialists, and yet saw you, ere he ceased to know you, an immense, united, powerful and peaceful nation ! It is impossible on the present occasion, and with short notice, to do justice to a task so protracted, complicate and ennobling ; but there are incidents and sentiments connected with the character and career of ANDREW JACKSON, with which his countrymen unanimously sympathize, and which his public obsequies seem as appropriately as irresistibly to call into expression.

The stripling orphan, while mourning over the loss of kindred, smarting under wounds and imprisonment, and hourly witnessing some new cruelty committed upon friends and neighbors, imbibed, during the storms of our Revolution, a deep, uncompromising, almost fierce, love of country, that never lost its sway over his actions. It became to him an impulse as instinctive and irrepressible as breathing, and cannot but be regarded by those who trace his eventful existence, as the master

passion of his nature. He passed through the war of 1776, in all but *that*, too youthful for its trials;—nor was there ever a moment in his after being when this devotion can be said to have waned or slumbered in his breast. Such a trait, so pure, so ardent, so unvarying—as fresh three weeks ago as seventy years before—as prompt and eager amid the frosts of age, as when in the spring of life it first kindled at the voice of Washington—invokes, now that the door of his sepulchre is closed, undissembled and undissenting praise. It is this quality of moral excellence which forms the basis of his fame, as it was the stimulant to every achievement. From his fight under Davie with Bryan's regiment of Tories, in 1780, when scarcely thirteen years of age, down to the close of his remarkable campaign in Florida, when fifty-two, and thenceforward through all his diplomatic conflicts with foreign powers, it shone with steady intensity.

The peace of 1783 found him the only survivor of his family, left as it were, alone, to face the snares of the world uneducated and still a boy. His small patrimony melted away, before he could check the reckless and prodigal habits to which he had been trained by eight years of wild and desperate strife. There was no one to counsel or to guide him; no one to inculcate lessons of prudence, no one to reclaim him for the paths of useful industry and of restored tranquility. But Jackson wanted no one. At this, perhaps, the most critical period of his life, the "*iron will*," subsequently attributed to his treatment of others, was nobly exercised in governing himself. Energetically entering upon the study of the law, the native force of his intellect enabled him, soon after attaining his majority, not merely to preserve his personal independence, but to carve his way to recognized distinction. The sphere of his professional practice, the Western District of North Carolina, now the State of Tennessee, exacted labors and teemed with dangers such only as a resolution like his could encounter and surmount. Infested with enraged Cherokees and Choctaws, its wilderness of two hundred miles, crossed and recrossed by the undaunted public solicitor more than twenty times, enured him to fatigue, to the sense of life constantly in peril, and to the attacks and artifices of savage enemies whom he was destined signally to subdue and disperse. It cannot be necessary to pursue these details further;—no doubt it will be recollected that after aiding to form a Constitution for the State he has illustrated, General Jackson at the age of thirty became her first and only representative in Congress; was almost immediately transferred, in November, 1797, to the Senate of the United States, and, unwilling to prolong his legislative service, became a Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. In all these elevated stations, and especially in the last, his sagacious mind, directed by motives at once pure and lofty, and sustained by a spirit of unconquerable firmness, has left monuments of practical wisdom and usefulness, in maintaining the rights and ameliorating the condition of his countrymen, which time cannot efface.

When the prolonged aggressions of Great Britain upon the maritime rights, commerce, and honor of America, prompted, in 1812, a declaration of hostilities, our Hero, though watchful of events and keenly alive to their bearing, had retired from public activity and was engaged in the

calm pursuits of agricultural life. That signal sounded with welcome, in his seclusion, and summoned him to a deathless renown. It came to his quick ear like a long-wished-for permit to avenge the wrongs and re-establish the sullied name of those for whom he was ever ready to sacrifice, without stint, his repose, his fortune, and his blood. The war-cry of his country scarcely vibrated on the breeze ere he echoed it back as a music with which every chord of his soul was in unison. In less than a week, leaving his plough in its yet opening furrow, and his ripe harvest drooping for the sickle, he stood equipped and eager, in front of two thousand five hundred volunteers, awaiting orders from the chief executive !

I must not, I dare not, quit the singleness of my subject, to indulge in reminiscences but partially connected with it, however alluring. Yet had the great and generous champion whom we lament a host of associates, competitors with him in the proud struggle of which should risk most, suffer most, and achieve most, in exemplifying the prowess, securing the safety and exalting the reputation of their country. That, indeed, may be considered as in itself an ample eulogium upon human merit, which depicts him as in the van of a roll emblazoned by such names as Scott, Harrison, Brown, Shelby, Johnson, Gaines, Ripley, Hull, Decatur, Perry and McDonough. Most of these have gone to graves over which are blooming, in unfading verdure, the laurels our gratitude planted:—none of them can present to posterity a title to immortal honor more conclusive than that involved in having shared with Jackson the glories of 1812.

There are some fields of public service from which ordinary patriotism not unusually recoils; and of this kind is military action against the comparatively weak yet fierce and wily tribes of savages still occupying parts of their original domain on our continent. Unregulated by the principles of civilized warfare, Indian campaigns and conflicts are accompanied by constant scenes of revolting and unnecessary cruelty. Neither age, nor sex, nor condition is spared; havoc and destruction are the only ends at which the tomahawk, once brandished, can be stayed. In exact proportion, however, to the horrors of such a system, is the necessity of protecting those of our people exposed to it by the most prompt and decisive resorts. When in the midst of a great struggle with an European monarchy, the frontiers of Georgia and Tennessee were suddenly assailed by the ferocious Creeks, all eyes turned, appealing with confidence, for security to him who was known to the foe themselves by the descriptive designations of “Long Arrow” and “Sharp Knife.” No one, indeed, ever exhibited in higher perfection the two qualities essential to such a contest—sagacity and courage. The *sagacity* of General Jackson was the admiration of the sophist and the wonder of the savage; it unravelled the meshes of both, without the slightest seeming effort. Piercing through every subtlety or stratagem, it attained the truth with electrical rapidity. It detected at a glance the toils of an adversary, and discerned the mode by which those toils could best be baffled. His *courage* was equally finished and faultless—quick, but cool, easily aroused, but never boisterous; concentrated, enduring, and manly. No enemy could intimidate, no dangers fright him;

no surprise shook his presence of mind, as no emergency transcended his self-control. The red braves of the wilderness confessed that in these, their highest virtues, General Jackson equalled the most celebrated of their chiefs. Invoked to the rescue, he rushed from a bed of suffering and debility, among the terrified fugitives, addressing them with brief but animating exhortation:—"Your frontier is threatened with invasion by the savage foe. Already are they marching to your borders with their scalping knives unsheathed to butcher your women and children. Time is not to be lost. We must hasten to the frontier, or we shall find it drenched with the blood of our citizens. The health of your General is restored;—he will command in person." It was in the progress of this expedition, in regions at once desolated and unproductive, that his patient and persevering fortitude overcame obstacles of appalling magnitude;—and here it was that with touching kindness, when suffering the cravings of famine, he offered to divide with one of his own soldiers the handful of acorns he had secretly hoarded! The three victories of Talladega, Emuckfaw and Enotochopco, purchased with incredible fatigue, exposure, and loss of life, are not only to be valued in reference to the population and territory they pacified and redeemed, but as having disclosed, just in time for the crisis of the main war, the transcendent ability and fitness of him who was destined to stamp its close with an exploit of unrivalled heroism and consummate generalship.

Shall I abruptly recall the Battle of New Orleans?—RECALL did I say? Is it ever absent from the memory of an American? Mingled indissolubly with the thought of country, it springs to mind as Thermopylæ or Marathon when Greece is named. He who gave that battle, with all its splendid preliminaries and results, to our chronicles of national valor, may cease to be mortal, but can never cease to be renowned. He may have a grave, but, like the Father of his Country, he can want no monument but posterity.

The judgment of the world has been irreversibly passed upon that extraordinary achievement of our republican soldier. Analyzed in all its plans, its means, its motives, and its execution—the genius that conceived, the patriotism that impelled, the boldness that never backed, nor paused, nor counted, the skill which trebled every resource, the activity that was every where, the end that accomplished every thing—it was a master-piece of work, which Cæsar, William Tell, Napoleon, and Washington, could unite in applauding. Even the vanquished, soothed by the magnanimity of their victor, have since laid the tribute of their admiration at his feet. For that battle, in itself and alone, as now passed into the imperishable records of history, an exhaustless fund of moral property, our descendants in distant ages will teach their children, as they imbibe heroism from illustration and example, to murmur their blessings!

I have dwelt, fellow citizens, with perhaps unnecessary length, upon the martial merits of the deceased. I have done so, because these merits are incontestable, and form, apart from every other consideration, an overwhelming claim to the veneration and gratitude we are now displaying. To me personally, as you all know, it would be alike consistent and

natural to go much farther; but, entertaining a real deference for the sentiments of others, I should be unable to pardon myself if, on an occasion so peculiarly solemn, a single word fell from my lips which did not chime with the tone of every bosom present. The time has not come, and among a free, fearless, and frank people, such as you are, it may possibly never come, when the civic characteristics of Jackson, during his chief magistracy of eight years, can be other than topics of sincere difference of opinion.

Springing, however, directly from what I have considered as the great root of his public services, is at least one branch of his Executive policy and action that need not be avoided. If, as a Revolutionary lad, he clung to the cause of the Colonists;—if, as a soldier, he knew no shrinking from his flag;—as a President of these States, he stood, without budging, on the Rock of their Union. It seemed as if, to him, that was hallowed ground, ungenial to the weeds of party, identical indeed with Country. Count the cost of this Confederacy, and he was scornfully silent; speak of disregarding her laws, and his remonstrances were vehement; move but a hair's breadth to end the compact, and he was in arms! On this vast concern, involving, directly or remotely, all the precious objects of American civilization, his zeal was uncompromising, perhaps as unrefining and indiscriminating as his convictions were profound. The extent of our obligation to him in regard to it cannot well be exaggerated. Possessing in his high office the opportunity, he gave to his purpose an impetus and an emphasis that will keep for ever ringing in the ears of his successors—“*THE UNION must and shall be preserved!*”

Such was the hero we mourn! With a constitution undermined by privations incident to his military labors, and a frame shattered by disease, he had retired to the seclusion of the Hermitage, long and patiently awaiting the only and final relief from suffering. It came to him on the evening of the 8th instant, in the centre of his home's affectionate circle, while his great mind was calm and unclouded, and when his heart was prepared to welcome its dilatory messenger. Yes! yes! he, on whom for half a century his country gazed as upon a tower of strength—on whom she never called for succor against the desolating savage, without being answered by a rushing shout of “*onward, to the rescue!*”—who anticipated her invading foes by destroying them ere their foot prints on her soil were cold—he, the iron warrior, the reproachless patriot, has ceased to be mortal, has willingly made his single surrender—the surrender of his soul to its Almighty claimant!

It may almost be said that General Jackson was constituted of two natures, so admirably and so distinctly were his qualities adapted to their respective spheres of action. I have portrayed, hurriedly and crudely, his public character—let us for an instant, see him, on one or two points at least, in the other aspect, and perhaps we may thence catch the secret of his sublime and beautiful death. The rugged exterior which rough wars in our early Western settlements would naturally impart, was smoothed and polished in him by a spirit of benevolence deeply seated in his temperament. In social intercourse, though always earnest, rapid, impressive and upright, his friendship was marked by

boundless confidence and generosity; while in domestic life a winning gentleness seemed to spread from the recesses of his heart over the whole man, filling the scenes around him with smiles of serenity and joy. No husband loved more ardently, more faithfully, more unchangeably—no parent could surpass the self-sacrificing kindness with which he reared and cherished his adopted children—no master could be more certain of reciprocated fondness than he was, when, as expiring, he breathed the hope of hereafter meeting in heaven to which he was hastening, the servants of his household, “*as well black as white.*” The truthfulness of this picture is attested by all who were admitted to the sanctuary of his home—precincts too sacred, even on an occasion equally sacred, for more than this brief intrusion.

But there was a crowning characteristic, from adverting to which I must not shrink, though in the presence in which I stand. General Jackson was fervently, unaffectedly and submissively pious! Wherever he might be, and whatever his absorbing pursuit—wading heavily through the swamps of Florida, on the track of HILLSHAGO; speeding, with the swoop of an eagle, to grapple the invader, PAKENHAM; careering, at the head of his victorious legions, through throngs of admiring countrymen; in the halls of the Executive mansion; or at his hearth in the Hermitage; there and then, every where and always, though not ostensible, and never obtrusive, his faith was with him. But it was most closely and conspicuously with him as dissolution approached—it was with him to brighten the rays of his mind, to cheer the throbs of his heart, to take the sting from his latest pang, and to give melody to his last farewell! The dying hour of Jackson bears triumphant testimony to the Christian’s hope.

Such was the HERO, such the MAN we mourn!

Come then, my countrymen! let us, as it were, gather round the depository of his remains! From those who knew him, as it has been my lot to know him, the frequent tear of cherished and proud remembrance must fall. To all of us it will be some relief to join in the simple and sacred sentiment of public gratitude:

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country’s wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy’s feet have ever trod;
By fairy forms their dirge is sung—
By hands unseen their knell is rung;—
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

The Benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. Mr. GREER, Chaplain of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, after which the assemblage dispersed.

The Funeral Procession.

The weather was propitious, and the crowded appearance of the streets, the display of banners and military accoutrements, and the galloping of horses, at an early hour in the morning, betokened that considerable preparations were going on.

By seven o'clock the Chief Marshal and Aids of the Civic Procession were busily engaged in arranging the formation of their several divisions, so as to get them into line with as little delay and confusion as possible. By eight o'clock, Major General Patterson, of the First Division P. M. and his Staff, were in motion, and the Military under his command were filing from various quarters into Broad street. Nine o'clock was the hour designated for moving, which is generally understood to mean from ten to eleven; but upon this occasion the Military line was formed, and the head of the Civic in motion, by about half past nine.

The several divisions resting with the right upon Twelfth and other streets previously designated in the orders of the chief Marshal, moved in their proper order, to the place of formation (Thirteenth and Spruce streets), and then upon the line of the route, until the left of the Civic line rested upon Thirteenth and Spruce, the right being on Fifth and Vine. The Civic line being thus formed, a halt was ordered by the Chief Marshal, the whole line having been arranged on the west and north sides of the streets, and the Military approaching the left of the line, at Thirteenth and Spruce streets, from Broad street, passed the entire length of it, and took the head of the Procession. By this movement, all who were in the Civic part of the procession had an opportunity of seeing the entire Military under march. And again, when the head of the Military column reached Washington Square, a second general halt was made, the Military filed off upon the right side of the several streets which they occupied, and the civic column proceeded in front of them to the Square, thus affording the Military a full view of the Civic portion of the procession. The arrangements altogether were systematic and well executed.

The Civic Procession reached the Washington Square precisely at 2 o'clock, and moving into the centre of it in the order of its line of march, the Orator of the Day, and the officiating Clergymen, took their seats upon the platform, together with the Committee of Arrangement, the Judges of the Courts, several Revolutionary veterans, and a number of distinguished citizens and strangers. Here the taste of the Committee had displayed itself in the handsome arrangements for the Orator and Officers of the Day. In the centre of this beautiful garden, and surrounded by the fragrance of the many varieties of trees and shrubbery which it contains, was erected a stand, handsomely covered with mourning. Over the platform was a canopy of black, with silk drapery handsomely and appropriately festooned on every side. A gilt Eagle surmounted the front of the stand, and over the whole the American flag, covered with crape, waved from a staff near one hundred feet high.

All party feeling was buried for the time. The stores throughout the city were generally closed; many private houses were arrayed in mourning. The flags of the shipping, those at the Navy Yard, State Arsenal, &c., were at half mast. All the Newspaper offices, Hotels, &c., exhibited flags shrouded in black and other devices of popular sorrow. The bells of the State House, Christ Church, St. Peter's, St. John's, and other churches, were muffled and tolled, as also those of the several Fire Companies. Half hour guns were fired during the day by a detachment of Jackson Artillerists in Penn Square. All the Public Buildings were put in mourning. There was an entire suspension of business in all its departments during the whole day. After the conclusion of the services in the Square, and the various bodies of soldiers and citizens had time to repair to their houses, the city presented the quiet and orderly appearance of the Sabbath.

The Military, composed of the Volunteer corps of the 1st Division, P. M., under command of Maj. Gen. Patterson, were an imposing and beautiful part of the Procession, and exhibited as strong and effective a body of troops as in any Volunteer Department can be mustered together. The number of men under arms is estimated at about 3,000, and this without the aid of any troops from beyond the limits of the county of Philadelphia, except Capt. Martin's corps of Montgomery County Dragoons, the second oldest corps of Volunteers in the State.

The following was the order of the

CIVIC PROCESSION.

First Grand Division.

This was preceded by SAMUEL J. HENDERSON, Chief Marshal, mounted and in full black dress, with black badges lettered in silver, accompanied by his special aids.

Special Aids.—Col. Wm. B. Bradford, William S. Price, Esq.

Aids.—Col. Robt. F. Christy, Andrew Miller, Caleb S. Wright, Col. Wm. J. Leiper, S. B. Kingston, Jr., Col. Thos. B. Florence, Thomas J. Woolf, Wm. E. Ashmead, Thos. W. Duffield, Jr., William E. Lehman, Jr. Charles Wilstack.

Committee of Arrangement in Carriages.—J. F. Belsterling, Chairman; George L. Ashmead, A. P. Eyre, Benjamin Mifflin, James A. Campbell, Edward C. Dale, Richard Rush, Wm. E. Lehman Jr., George Erety, Robert Ewing, George Martin, John D. Hoffner, Richard Peltz, Adam Mintzer, Joseph Wood, Henry Welsh, S. B. Kingston, B. M. Evans, Penrose Ash, George Smith, Henry D. Lentz, C. G. Childs, James Magee, James H. Hutchison, James McAnall, Benj. F. Christy.

A barouche, drawn by four white horses, containing Hon. George M. Dallas, Orator of the Day, and Rev. Dr. Bethune, followed; then the Judges of the Courts and Heads of Departments in Pennsylvania, in barouches and carriages. Hon. Jesse Miller, Secretary of the Commonwealth; Hon. James R. Snowden, State Treasurer; Representatives of Foreign Nations, and other distinguished strangers; Judges and Officers of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania; Attorney General of Pennsylvania; Judges and Officers of the several Courts of the City and County of Philadelphia, and of the other Courts of the State; the Reverend Clergy; Society of Cincinnati; surviving Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution, and of the late War. The above were all in carriages. Dartmoor Prisoners on foot, a fine looking body of men, some colored ones among them.

In several vehicles were the following gentlemen: Mr. Shields, of Alabama, Charge d'Affaires at Venezuela; Hon. Richard Rush, and a number of Senators and Members of the House of Representatives of the State from the interior counties.

Officers of the Army and Navy followed on foot in uniform; Officers of the General Government; Officers of the State Government; Officers of the City and County of Philadelphia; Trustees, Professors and Students of the University of Pennsylvania, and of the Medical Colleges; Officers and Members of the American Philosophical Society, Athenæum, Philadelphia Library, Mercantile Library, Apprentices' Library, Academy of Fine Arts, Academy of Natural Sciences, Pennsylvania Historical Society, Members of the Public Press, Controllers and Directors of the Public Schools, Principals and Teachers of the High and Grammar Schools of the City and County of Philadelphia, Members of the Bar, Physicians.

After these came the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge and the Subordinate Lodges of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania and Subordinate and Masonic Lodges were not out that we perceived. The Odd Fellows turned out in great numbers, dressed in their handsome regalia and carrying various devices and beautiful banners. Among them we noticed the following Lodges: Hope Lodge, Adam Lodge, very beautiful banner of Adam naming the beasts and other animals. The Degree Lodge, No. 7, from Manayunk; Friendship Lodge, Amity Lodge, Lafayette Lodge, Philadelphia Lodge, Germantown Philomathean Lodge, Rising Sun Lodge, General Marion Lodge, Franklin Lodge, Wayne Lodge, Andrew Jackson Encampment, a very handsome banner; Philadelphia Encampment, Mount Olivet Encampment, Morning Star Encampment. The Grand Lodge also carried a banner. The Odd Fellows mustered 1300 in their various lodges and encampments.

After the Odd Fellows came the Sons of Temperance, preceded by the Marshal, Col. Florence. This was a remarkably fine-looking body of men, dressed in regalia, and carrying various emblematic devices. They numbered about 800 persons, and made a most imposing show, as they marched four abreast. Most of them were young men, and seemed to merit indeed the name of the Sons of Temperance.

The following lodges and encampments were present in the line. United States, Crystal Fount, Chosen Friends, Spring Garden, Schiller, Hope, Chester, Good Samaritan, Adam, Manayunk, Hand-in-hand, Independence, Hancock, Charity, Robt.

Morris, Heneosis, Penn, Friendship, Fentonia, Amity, Lafayette, Philanthropic, Wildey, Philadelphia and Kensington Lodges. The Morning Star, Philomathean of Germantown, Rising Sun, Hermann, General Marion, Franklin, Wayne, Washington, Pennsylvania, Philadelphia Degree, Andrew Jackson, Mount Olivet and Philadelphia Encampments. The Grand Lodge was also present, and the members, clothed in their superb regalia, looked exceedingly well.

Second Grand Division.—WM. M. MEREDITH and SAMUEL NORRIS, Marshals.

The Second Grand Division was composed principally of official persons in carriages and barouches. The first was a very handsome barouche, drawn by two beautiful horses, in which sat the Mayor, Peter McCall, dressed in a full suit of black, and the Recorder, Richard Vaux, also in mourning. Then followed the officers of the several departments of the Corporation.

Then came a remarkably neat-looking body of young men, composing the Literary Societies, with handsome banners. Union Library Company, William Norris Library; Cabinet Makers' Society, a large body; Citizens of Locust Ward, with the United States flag dressed in crape; Aldermen of the City in barouches and carriages; Citizens of the city generally, on foot.

Third Grand Division.—JAMES LANDY, Marshal.

The Third Division was composed like the preceding one, mostly of carriages and barouches, containing the Mayor, Board of Commissioners and Officers of the Corporation of the District of the Northern Liberties, Aldermen and Citizens.

Fourth Grand Division.—JOHN H. DOHNERT, Marshal.

Police Magistrate and Board of Commissioners and Officers of the Corporation of Spring Garden; Mechanic Library Company, Citizens of the Fourth Ward, Fairmount Fire Association.

Fifth Grand Division.

Composed of carriages and citizens on foot; Police Magistrate and Board of Commissioners and Officers of the District of Southwark; Mariners' Association, a very fine body of men on foot, with seven miniature ships handsomely rigged and shrouded in mourning; they also carried a beautiful banner with the motto—"Free Trade and Sailors' Rights." Aldermen of the District in carriages, citizens on foot.

Sixth Grand Division.—JOHN ROBBINS, Jr., Marshal.

Composed of carriages and citizens on foot; Board of Commissioners and officers of the Corporation of Kensington; James Page Library Company; citizens on foot.

Seventh Grand Division.—JOHN D. NEFF, Marshal.

Composed of Carriages and citizens on foot, Police Magistrate and Board of Commissioners and Officers of the Corporation of Moyamensing, Aldermen and citizens.

Eighth Grand Division.—Col. HENRY LEECH, Marshal.

Principally composed of citizens from the surrounding counties and neighboring states, who had come into the city in large numbers. They were a very respectable body of men, but we were unable to ascertain the places that the respective divisions came from.

Ninth Grand Division.—WM. E. ASHMEAD, Marshal.

Was principally composed of Firemen and Mounted Citizens. The first company which came was the Northern Liberty Engine Company, followed by the Neptune Hose company, with a handsome banner. The Vigilant Fire company came next, in very strong numbers, and made the finest appearance of any body of men in the line. The members wore an uniform citizen's dress, with white beaver hats half craped; and in the body of the company was a cenotaph, drawn by four horses, upon which was inscribed the name of Jackson, and over which drooped a weeping willow. They also carried a handsome banner.

After them came the following companies: Hope Hose, Assistance Engine, Independence Hose, Humane Engine, Weccacoe Engine, Moyamensing Hose, Southwark Engine, all displaying banners.

Tenth Grand Division.—Col. J. W. DUFFIELD, Marshal.

Mounted Citizens.

The following was the order of the *Military* part of the Procession, composed of the Volunteer soldiery, fully uniformed, armed, and equipped.

FIRST DIVISION, P. M.

MAJOR GENERAL, ROBERT PATTERSON.

Lt. Col. EDWARD HURST, Division Inspector.

Major JOHN MILES, }
Major WILLIAM A. STOKES, } Aides-de-Camp.

Major MORTON McMICHAEL, Division Quarter-Master.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Brigadier General, GEORGE CADWALADER.

Major THOMAS T. FIRTH, Brigade Inspector.

Captain H. J. BIDDLE, Aid-de-Camp.

First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry.

Captain John Butler, Officers and Privates 34

First Montgomery County Dragoons.

Captain J. Martin, Officers and privates 40

Second Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry.

Captain Thomas Tustin, Officers and Privates, 43

First Regiment of Artillery.

Major R. K. Scott, commanding. Major Henry McCall.

Commissioned and Non Commissioned Officers.—Adjutant, S. B. H. Vance; Paymaster, C. F. Beck; Quarter Master, C. W. Bender; Surgeon, A. C. Hart; Assistant Surgeons, P. B. Goddard, C. Arrott; Sergeant-Major, R. H. Woolworth; Quarter Master Sergeant, Henry Meeser. 10

Junior Artillerists, Captain Drayton, officers and privates 46

State Artillerists, Captain Clymer, " 39

Washington Greys, Captain McAdam " 30

Philadelphia Greys,* Lt. Hastings, " 94

Cadwalader Greys, Captain Morehead, " 57

National Artillery, Captain Murphy, " 50

Independent Guards, Captain Haswell, " 44

City Artillery, Captain K. Smith, " 28

Company I., Captain John Cadwalader " 40

First Regiment Volunteer Infantry.

Colonel Joseph Murray.

Staff.—Adjutant Nichols; Surgeon, T. C. Bunting; Assistant Surgeons, John H. Weir, John C. Perry; Sergeant-Major, — Schriber, 6.

Washington Blues, Captain Patterson, officers and privates, 33

State Fencibles, Captain Page, " 56

" 2d Company, Lt. Robinson, " 47

National Greys, Captain Fritz " 37

* This corps act as Flying Artillery, and had their battery of six pieces. Each piece and caisson was drawn by four horses.

<i>Lafayette Light Guards</i> , Capt. W. G. Smith	"	42
<i>Patterson Guards</i> , Lt. Dougherty	"	67
<i>Washington Guards</i> , Captain Colahan	"	59
<i>Union Fencibles</i> , Captain Lee	"	52
<i>National Guards</i> , Captain Kingston	"	69
<i>City Guards</i> , Captain Hill	"	46
<i>Philadelphia Guards</i> , Captain Budd	"	29
<i>Mechanic Rifle</i> , Captain Mintzer	"	22

THIRD BRIGADE.

Brigadier General, HORATIO HUBBELL.

Aid-de-Camp, J. CURRAN PHILPOT.

Brigade Major, J. SIDNEY JONES.

Brigade Quarter-Master, MERCER JONES.

Brigade Inspector, THOMAS FEMINGTON.

Col. JOHN THOMPSON, Col. GEORGE LOWRY.

Major JAMES BELL, Major HENRY E. DERMONT, Major PUGH.

Brigade Music, 20 pieces.

Two Trumpeters.

Cadwalader Cavalry, Capt. J. Sidney Jones; 1st Lt. F. H. Duffee, commanding; 2d Lt. E. Hicks Jones; Cornet, J. C. Oberteuffer. Officers and privates, 38.

Wayne Artillery, Captain Saml. Murdock; 1st Lt. Henry E. Smith; 2d Lt. John T. Coleman; 3d Lt. Nicholas Tack. Officers and privates, 44.

Harrison Artillery, Captain Joseph F. Tobias; 1st Lt. Geo. McCullon; 2d Lt. James Yorke; 3d Lt. James Carrick. Officers and privates, 30.

Independent Rifle, Capt. Thos. B. Florence; 1st Lt. Joseph H. Bradshaw, commanding; 2d Lt. Hudson Greenleaf; 3d Lt. George Philip. Officers and privates, 30.

Native American Rifle, Captain Matthew W. Berryman; 1st Lt. Peter Bouvier; 2d Lt. Andrew McClain, 3d Lt. J. Curran Philpot. Officers and privates, 52.

Regimental Surgeon, Dr. J. B. Stafford; Dr. W. J. Duffee, Assistant.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Brigadier General, A. L. ROUMFORT.

Aid-de-Camp, JOHN D. MILES,

Quarter Master, LOUIS PELOUZE.

First Regiment County Volunteers, 124th of the Line.

Colonel, James Goodman; Lt. Colonel, Wm. F. Small; Major, J. H. Oberteuffer; Adjutant, Tomlinson; Quarter Master, T. W. Binder.

Washington Cavalry, Captain George Snyder; 1st Lt. J. H. Shelmyre, 2d Lt. Wm. Wagner, 3d Lt. Robert S. Blake. Officers and privates, 3 .

First State Troop, Captain Thomas F. Betton; 1st Lt. R. W. Dunlap, 2d Lt. James Coffin. Officers and privates, 38.

Brigade Band.

Jackson Artillery, Captain Hubeli; 1st Lt. I. R. Diller, 2d Lt. McAvoy. Officers and privates, 45.

Frankford Artillery, Captain Petchell; 1st Lt. Pugh, 2d Lt. Duffield, 3d Lt. Irwin. Officers and privates 51.

Montgomery Guards, Captain Potts. Officers and privates, 41.

Regimental Band.

Germantown Blues, Captain John D. Miles; 1st Lt. Edmund Bockius in command; 2d Lt. Wm. R. Cox. Officers and privates, 50.

Roxborough Volunteers, Captain Charles T. Jones; 1st Lt. Ripka. Officers and privates, 29.

Monroe Guards, Captain William F. Small; 1st Lt. Wilson in command; 2d Lt. Emory; 3d Lt. Haines. Officers and privates, 32.

National Blues, Captain George W. South; 1st Lt. Smith. Officers and privates, 25.

Philadelphia Light Guards, Captain Bennett, 1st Lt. Higgs. Officers and privates, 38.

Washington Rifle, Captain Baumgard; 1st Lt. Slenner, 2d Lt. Eggleton. Officers and privates, 49.

German Independent Battalion,

Major, Frederick Dithmar; Adjutant, Samuel Lehr; Quarter Master, J. B. Hartmann; Surgeon, R. B. Heintzelmann, 4.

Music of the Battalion consisting of 20.

Philadelphia Artillery, Captain W. V. Wicht, 2d Lt. H. B. Vonessen. Officers and privates, 36.

Union Grays, Captain J. Streeper, 2d Lt. J. Streeper. Officers and privates, 22.

Philadelphia Cadets, Captain George White, 1st Lt. John Mutz; 2d Lt. Jacob Mayer; 3d Lt. Robert Harvey. Non-commissioned officers and privates, 32.

Battalion Band.

German Washington Volunteers, Captain Samuel Heintzelmann; 1st Lt. Charles Sauser; 2d Lt. Philip Blaess. Officers and privates, 40.

German Washington Light Infantry, Captain F. W. Binder; 1st Lt. Gustav Stubchen; 2d Lt. C. Kreschmar. Officers and privates, 23.

German W. National Guards, Captain John Ries; 1st Lt. Anton Wagner. Officers and privates, 36.

German W. Yagers, Captain Carl Dithmer; 2d Lt. F. Zimmerman. Officers and privates, 32.

Montgomery Battalion, Major Flanagan, Adjutant John Marlow.

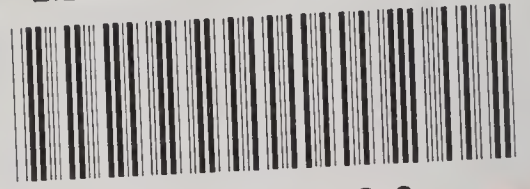
Battalion Band.

Montgomery Guards, 1st Company, Captain Vandyke; Lieutenants Coyle and Riley. Officers and privates, 41.

2d Company, Captain McGeoy, Lt. Timmins. Officers and privates, 33.

3d Company, Lt. Williams. Officers and privates, 44.

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